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SONGS OF DEMOCRACY
AND ON OTHER THEMES

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY
AND
ON OTHER THEMES

BY
CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL



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TO

EDWIN MARKHAM

Poet and Democrat

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SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

RUSSIA

Art thou awake at last?

Thou that hast slept so long,
Shackled and bound to the Past,
Drowsy or drunk with old wrong,
Now hast thou sprung to thy feet?

Thirsty—at last wilt thou drink?
Hungry—at last wilt thou eat?
Dullard—at last wilt thou think?

In the night of thy sorrow and shame

Didst thou look upward and find
The light of Her torch aflame,
Her eyes upon thee inclined?

Pitying, lucent with tears

Wept on thy stirless head
All these unprofitable years

When thou wert couched with the dead?

But dead to the eyes of Her love

Never are children of Hers.

She watches and waits from above

Till Her song their dim eyelids stirs.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

While the heart of Hope may ache,
As age upon age is dumb,
She knows that the sleeper will wake,
She knows that Her hour will come.

With axe and the cord and the prison,
With guns in the shuddering square,
With these they shall quell thee, uprisen;
They shall hale thee again by the hair.
With wailing, with hands hard clenched,
Thou shalt see thy sons laid low,
With blood shall thy streets be drenched,
Thy heart shall near break with its woe.

They will fool thee, and daff thee with lies,
Deride and despoil and bemock;
They will flutter old frauds in thine eyes
While they bind thy limbs to the rock.
Of the word of God they will prate,
Of czar and empire and throne,
Of church and the weal of the state,
The state—which is thou alone.

With iron thine heart to crush,
And bloody and iron whips,
And an iron gag to hush
The cry that rose to thy lips,

RUSSIA

With reviling and scornful mirth,
They will thrust thee back to thy cell,
And heap on thee ashes and earth
Through the iron bars of thine hell.

And the powers of darkness shall deem
That when thou didst lift thine head
It was naught but a vagrant dream
That stirred thee there on thy bed;
And the battenning beasts on the thrones
Shall loll at their ease again,
And think of the whitening bones
And splendid heaps of thy slain.

And son shall be torn from mother,
And mothers be slain with shame,
And brother shall drag down brother,
And the Cossacks murder and maim;
And one wail shall go up from thy city,
Scourged for a hoarded hate,
Till the pale stars tremble for pity,
And men learn that thy load is great.

In the long Siberian nights,
Pacing the drifted plains,
To the stars and the frosty lights
Thy sons shall show their chains;

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

And their tears shall fall and freeze,
And none shall number their sighs,
And for bitter things like these
The day shone fair in thine eyes.

And many a son of thine
Shall look down the leveled steel,
Down the silent and awe-struck line,
And wait while his senses reel,
His dry lips mumbling thy name,
And wait while his eyeballs start,
And the white-faced troopers take aim
Here, at his bounding heart.

To wait with wild thoughts betossed
Of the flying feet of the years,
The life beloved and lost,
And loves and desires and fears;
And wait while the troopers finger
The black thin springs of death,
And the seconds lag and linger
One horrible space of breath—

Wait with his shackled feet
At the edge of his gaping grave,
And note how the sun shines sweet
And the green boughs beckon and wave;

RUSSIA

And wait with intolerable pain
For the long level lines to crash,
And wait with a hammering brain
For the flame and the blinding flash.

All this, all this thou shalt see;
Thou shalt pay in drops from thine heart
Because thou hast yearned to be free.
Thy wounds shall fester and smart
As they tear thy limbs on their rack;
They shall scourge and brand thee, and thou
For their torments shalt turn not back,
Who hast felt Her hand on thy brow.

Her hand that hath life for its gift,
And hope and heart to endure,
And light and might to uplift.
Thou hast seen Her, perfect and pure;
And the day shall dawn in thy prison
When Freedom shall burst thy bars
And greet thee, unshackled, arisen,
With eyes that outshine the stars.

For they turn not back that have known
But once in their eyes that light.
On thee, on thee has it shone!
And thongs and prison and night

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

And thrones and princelings and things
That lick the lewd hands of power
Shall pass on their wasted wings
When She strikes their inevitable hour.

And thou—ah, awake at last!
Thou that hast slept so long,
Shackled and bound to the Past,
Drowsy or drunk with old wrong,
Once thou hast sprung to thy feet,
Thirsty, once thou didst drink;
Hungry, once thou didst eat;
Dullard no more—thou dost think.

LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ

Blue is the sign of her—blue for her sky
The signal of her Freedom from of old,
As wide, as splendid and as uncontrolled,
Before whose front the storm clouds fade or fly
As mists before the sword of morning die.
Bright blue for Freedom. And the next broad
fold,
White as high hills that Freedom's sky uphold,
Of all men's even birth shall signify.
And last the web of fire whose waving wings
Abroad shall bear this banner far unfurled,—
A light wherein the soul of sunrise sings,
A might whereby the dark is backward hurled,
Red symbol of a brotherhood that flings
Its love about all men of all the world.

JOHN BROWN AT NORTH ELBA

Better to be not than inert to be,
With sodden soul, with hands that strike no
blow;

Better to see not than have eyes that see
Freedom before this loathsome beast brought
low;

Better to breathe not than to choke with air
Rank with old slaughters, taint from slaver's
pen;

Better the darkness and cool dust again
Than stand aloof while kites and vultures tear
The bleeding hearts of men.

Better to strike with blunted sword than none;
Feebly, alone, than not to strike at all:

And facing foeward, that last service done,
Grasp still a broken weapon when I fall.

Life is there none so sweet it may be worth
One stain upon the soul, one cringing knee.

"Peace!" and "Have done!" the faint hearts
whisper me.

Peace! and what peace may come upon the earth
Until earth's sons be free?

JOHN BROWN AT NORTH ELBA

There is no death save only this: to think
Before the leveled guns, the gibbet's stair,
The last day's gates of dawn, the great gulf's brink,
Across old years whose memories rise to bear
No scantest sacrifice, no lifted sword,
No momentary stand, no hour of fight,
With prayers and tears no watching of the night,
For Her whose forehead and undying word
Make the dark places bright.

They tell me, mindful men, that I shall fail,
These chill and craven souls that sit at ease
And heed not hissing whip and mother's wail
And this piled hell of countless agonies.
How fail? They fail that fear to testify,
For fear or gold the smitten brow abase,
Chaffer for conscience in the market place
And turn the fervent faith to a leprous lie
Before God's very face.

To testify! I know for smaller shame,
Far less than this blood-crimson crime, men say
A man once held his hand in ravening flame
And watched it vein by vein consume away;
And with last murmurs of his failing breath
Gave utmost thanks for this great gift that he
Before the feet of truth might witness be,

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

And seal a flawless faith above his death
That feebler men should see.

And I, that hear long lonely hours the cries
Of myriad souls in torment and the fall
Of tears unquenchable from hopeless eyes,
I, whom the fathers of the covenant call,
And God has beckoned, shall I falter now,
Now, like the hireling shepherds, fear and hide,
When His dear grace the way has opened wide
And blessed the cause on this unworthy brow,
The sword upon this side?

To testify by fire! But this my heart
A fiercer pang than flame or knife has cleft.
I grieve not if the time be come to part
With these few laboring days that may be left
To this worn frame and head whereon there beat
More sorrows as the shadows longer grow.
Old now, a hunted, hated thing, I know
I may not long for Her do service: meet
It is that I should go.

But not as men fed fat on days of sloth,
Unminding of the message, full of ease,
Like prating priests of Baal and Astaroth,
Who love to show the dust upon their knees:

JOHN BROWN AT NORTH ELBA

Nay, when the summons seeks me let it find
Me joyous as one bidden to a feast,
Still upright in the harness, though the least
Of those that fight the fiends that make mankind
A dull and driven beast.

I am the dying tree whose ancient root,
Sent far abroad, begins to fail at last;
And men shall gather of me no more fruit,
Nor mark this shadow on their pathway cast.
But ere the Gardener Time shall thrust aside
The trunk whereof there is no further need
Some light-winged waif or flying stray of seed
The wind with liberal hand may scatter wide
To blossom into deed.

“And greater love no man may have than this.”
Yea, one is greater: more than life I gave.
I muse on little hands and childish kiss
And laughter of first footsteps, lone and brave,
Till something chokes me. Ah, what whispered
things
Of quiet green-grown hill and northern pine,
Through parched-up prairie-grass and tangled
vine
Above your grave the low-voiced west wind sings
This night, lost sons of mine?

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

I closed the eyes of five and kneeling down
Kissed those chill lips and cheeks and smoothed
away
From damp white brows the boyish locks of brown,
And prostrate in the dust made shift to pray
My drops of agony might witness make,
Even in the scorching tides that round me swept,
If I with contrite heart the creed had kept,
If I had sacrificed for Freedom's sake
While faithless warders slept.

Across the silent strings of this great harp
That old October winds have robbed of tune
I hear the village church bell chiming sharp,
And down the road that in the dawning moon
Thick laid with silver of the frost winds round
I see the shadows moving churchward, where
(Thin streams of incense in the crisping air)
Mouth-service and lip-worship raise the sound
Of gracious praise and prayer.

They praise Him whom with word and deed they
mock,
Yea, whom in His own images they slay,
And of His altar make an auction block,
His word a sling to snare their human prey:
In holy hymns His kingdom they acclaim,

JOHN BROWN AT NORTH ELBA

Salvation sing with smug and lying lips,
Refresh their faith above the blood that drips,
Exalt the slave trade in His precious name
And bless the clotted whips.

The Church holds with the mighty, now as when
Against her Cromwell warred and Milton cried
With wrath that shook the affrighted souls of men.
Yea, ever with the mighty : side by side,
In craft close-brothered, Priest and Ruler stand;
While fooled or fettered Man, their sport or
 spoil,
Enriches with his sweat their leagues of soil
Who jeer his blinded eyes and groping hand
And fatten on his toil.

“As ye have done it not to these,” He said :
And churchmen strike the lowest lower still.
And hate the laden heart, the stricken head,
And find according to their recreant will
God loves His children not if they be black.
Yea, black are these of His. But blood is red,
And from His wounded back and thorn-crowned
 head
Up the long toil of Calvary’s winding track,
 What colored drops were shed?

And still with light ineffable above
The misty shadows of the mortal span

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

Burns like a star the life of Him whose love
 Yearned at the dark and woeful lot of man;
Who fain would ease the captive of his chains,
 On His own shoulders up this rugged road
 Bear the slave's stripes or beaten bondman's load,
And knew in master's as in bondman's veins
 The common tide that flowed.

And as for that great love men pierced His side
 And nailed His hands and feet and scarred His
 brow
And mocked and spat upon Him as He died,
 So crucifix and scourge they cherish now
For him that takes the stricken soul to friend,
 That fain a healer of man's hurts would be,
 From some old bonds the toiler would set free,
And lift to light some weary backs that bend
 Beneath old tyranny.

Always on him that thinks to thrust a hand
 Between the wolf of Greed and man its prey,
On him shall hatred stamp the self-same brand,
 Caiaphas judge him and some Pilate slay,
While by the bloody cross the priests applaud.
 Yet to the darkened prison-house of need
 Dear light streams downward from the wounds
 that bleed,

JOHN BROWN AT NORTH ELBA

And crosses herald dawns when Force and Fraud
Shall perish with old Greed.

On silent silver nights like this, when clear
By drifted roadside every shadow lies
And breathless is the sparkling vault, I hear
The crying of the prophets and mine eyes
Behold the visions of the things to be;
Then as winged fire there falls on me new might;
Then in my hand seems placed a rod to smite
The rock whence living waters shall make free
The souls in chains and night.

For by so much as all dear things are dear,
(This world for freemen beautiful and good,
These tender touches of the changing year,
This joy of stars, this fragrance of the wood,)
By so much as to us this earth is sweet,
In so much more intolerable pain
The mute unmeaning seasons wax and wane
To these that with bent backs and fettered feet
Drag on a lengthening chain.

Whose wrongs about the slowly opening gate
Of patient heaven beat, whose sorrows cry
For vengeance, primal, vast, predestinate;
Whose wounds are witnesses to God on high,
Whose stripes have no atonement but in blood,

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

Whose famished souls your garnerers have not fed,
Who dwell in darkness that your hate has
shed—

For these what answer but the ruining flood,
Whereof all streams are red?

Not with these eyes of sense shall I behold
The day of wrath whereon the flaming sword
By thunders led, and terrors manifold,
Proclaims the awful chariot of the Lord.
And yet across this southward rise of ground
A far-borne hymn of goodly battle hums,
A clamor as of mortal conflict comes,
And my soul leaps to hear the trumpets sound
And roll of hurrying drums.

A PILLAR OF SOCIETY

Lo, for a little space the sturdy sleeper,
With parted eyelids toward this hell of pain,
Sighs with forced breath, "Am I my brother's
keeper?"

And sleeps again,
Above the waste and dreary devastation
That his own hands incarnardined have spread,
Sleeps while the cruel wheels of his creation
Go plashed with red.

INDIA

(Sonata)

Allegro

I. Allegro. II. Adagio. III. Minuet : Trio : Minuet :
Trio—Scherzo. IV. Allegro moderato.

I

For I have clasped thee close in these mine arms,
And I have bound thee with mine odorous hair,
And snared thy soul with lilt of singing charms,
And made thee swoon with spice and heavy air.
Yea, I have held thee with mine hair,
Thy drooping eyes made drunk with heat.
And then my smooth brown brow swept bare,
The anklets tinkling on my feet,
The armlets gleaming on mine arms,
The subtle music round me shed,
The drowsy fume of scented air,
And eyes thy thirsty eyes found sweet,
Wove thee about with endless charms.
With deadly fruit then thou wast fed :
For when from fairer cheeks than mine
Thou camest, curious like a child,
With hands that drew my face to thine,

INDIA

Then didst thou hear, grown strangely wise,
Barbaric cymbals, faint and wild,
And glimpse old rivers, sunny isled,
While through thy being, vein by vein,
My poison ran like wizard wine,
To bear the spell that makes thee mine.
Now if I call to thee "Arise!"
Not wailing winds nor northern sea
Shall hush that poignant cry from thee,
And till thou rise and come to me
Thou shalt not find thy rest again.
Rememberest thou that once when sick
Of colors and sweet sound,
Of cassia buds and incense-stick
And flowers thou hadst found,
Thy soul made moan for a cooler breath,
A slower pulse than mine,
And thou wouldst hear what the north wind saith
Across the northern pine?
Ah, then came by a vision fleet
Of leagues of shining snow,
Of battling tempests, quivering sleet,
Sharp fog and icy floe,
The leaden weight of sober skies,
The long lean lines of rain,
And thou didst wake with restless sighs
To clasp me close again.
Yea, well thou knowest whose thou art,

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

And all the changes in thee wrought,
Whose soul is stamped upon thine heart,
Whose name comes first in all thy thought.
A serpent stung thee on the brow
When I kissed thee—and what art thou?

I am not fair; you shall not trace
The rose and lily in my face,
And how I charm you may not tell.
You only know while the ages flow,
A witch, I weave and weave the spell.

I am not fair and in my hands,
Dry with the desert's scorched up sands,
And in the shadow of my face,
And borne upon my quick hot breath,
Are winging shafts or seeds of death.
I am not fair: and in my hair,
As you untwine it braid by braid,
The poison of old asps is laid.
And oft across my spice-strewn floor
One steps with bated breath to trace
The rings by many a serpent made;
Or stops, of glittering eyes afraid,
That range my ivory couch before.
There is no rose in this dusk face.
But, ringed with ropes of sleepy pearl,
With silver on my sloping breast,
And slender fashioned like a girl,
With none of these I make the spell;

INDIA

Nor with the silken sheeny vest
Of colors like the soundless deep,
Strange reds and browns that search and
burn,

And blues wherefrom the eyeballs turn,
Wherein I sleep.

I am not fair; but for my sake
Men scar the lips of angry seas,
And scorn all calmer ways for these,
In my dank swamps their beds to make.

I love thee not; I have no will
To lay this spell upon thee still.

I would my blood might blot
This thing from blood of thine.

Thou knowest I love thee not,

Nor loves thee child of mine.

Yet when with truth I tell thee this,
There is no love in my bought kiss,
Lo, for a little while

As one that knows full well,

I see thy cool, slow smile

Steadfast upon me dwell.

But thou and I must make our way.

There is no breaking of that spell

Though sharp to thee the end may be

And sharp for me the pains of hell.

The fetters hold and none may say

What things lie forward on our way.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

For I have clasped thee close in these mine arms
And wound thee in the meshes of mine hair,
And snared thy soul with lilt of singing charms
And made thee swoon with spice and heavy air.

Lo, in the chill of northern mist,
Alone, in crowds, by day or night,
Far wandering on a beaten strand
Or caught up in a clanging fight,
My breath shall stir the brow I kist,
My touch be laid upon thine hand.
All else shall falter with the years,
Thy deeds and loves and thoughts grow dim,
But thou shalt see between thy tears
My face and body brown and slim.
And thy last breath half-choked with sighs
Shall break with inarticulate cries
At thy last vision of mine eyes.
Yet I am not fair; you shall not trace
The rose or lily in my face.
I only know, while the ages flow,
A witch within my painted cell
I weave and weave the subtle spell.
So runs our fate. Not eyes of mine
May cleave the shadows to the end,
Nor shall thy wit nor craft divine
What ruins or what wrecks impend.

INDIA

But fear not thou. Let feast thine eyes
On brooding face and jeweled arms,
The silken subtle splendors weft
About these hollow halls of mine,
The endless glories of my skies,
The fanes the strange old years have left,
The air that sparkles like new wine,
The soul that in my sunset lies.
Nay, fear not. Let thy men make bold
With all the gems that line my hair,
The rings of cost that load mine arms
And those rich stuffs my camels bear;
Make count and measure, dealer-wise,
Of all the cups of crusted gold,
And sum and say the potent charms
That make and mar the perfect spell.
Stretch out thine hand, for all is well.
Thou canst not tell by what strange spell
I lead thy footsteps down to hell—
I lead thy footsteps down to hell.

II

Adagio

Mother sad, of all these tribes and nations,
Bowed beneath thy load of tribulations,
Lift the languid eyes old slumbers steep:
Death is coiled about you while you sleep.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

Death beneath thy domes has made his dwelling,
Lift thy languid eyes and see, O mother!
Lo, his icy breath upon thy children,
Lo, his nest close by thine ancient altars.
Was it then for this the sun-lit splendors
Girt these brows of thine with glory when,
Mother proud of all the mighty nations,
Sons of thine brought spoils before thy feet?
Song was thine then, O forgotten mother!
Now thy lips are dumb, thy lyres long mute.
Song thou madest for the coming sunrise,
Now the sunset strikes on tuneless lips.
What shall ail thee, mother, that thy spirit,
Singing once, and free beneath the stars,
When wild music beat and surged within thee
Starts up never now to any strain?
Star and leaf and cloud—have these no
 meaning?
Winds shall waken not a note for thee?
Shalt thou dwell beneath these blues supernal
Thrilled by no fierce yearning to be free?
All thy sons afar to this strong heart-beat
Keep their march along the starry way:
Thou alone amid thy tribulations
Liest steeped in slumber, linked with death.
Death hath many a seal and symbol of thee.
Lift thine head, look forth and see thy plains
Darken with the shadow of his pinions.

INDIA

All thy ways and wastes resound with wailing :
Rouse thee but a moment, thou shalt hear
Down the drifting circles of thy river
Hour by hour the drone of funeral chant.
Dust of death upon thy fanes and altars,
Light of death on all thy ghastly fields,
Songs of death resounding in thy highways,
Words of death between thy pallid lips :
Yea, for all thy name among past nations,
Thou thyself art but a dream of death.

Once we saw thy strong right arm uplifted,
Once a fire of hope within thee sprang,
Sword for distaff in thine hand was shifted,
Song about thy moldered halls outrang.
What did ail thee, then, what mad delusion,
That thy sword was turned to thine own heart?
What delirious demon of confusion
Brought thee to the draggled thing thou art?
Life—is it so hard that men had rather
Lie dull clods upon the breast of earth?
Death—is it so soft that men embrace it?
Is it better to be blind than see?
Stifling, wilt thou yet breathe air of heaven?
Fainting, wilt thou yet lay hold of life?
Who shall help thee, mother? Who,
Laying hand to hand may bid thee cheer?
Free thine eyes of deathly dew?
Free thine heart of childish faith and fear?

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

Melancholy mother, where is help?

None may help thee, none may serve or save.

Hand is not that may to thee bring cheer,

Saving only hand of thine, fair mother.

These are chains none other may cast from thee,

These are spells that thou alone mayst break.

Those that hold thee only to despoil thee,

Wilt thou look for hope or help from them?

Help they have for thee like help the bird has

From the fowler or the leaf from storms;

Help like that the victim has when looking

Down the chill blue steel that spells his death;

Help as doves from snakes, and hares from
vultures,

Hope like that the tiger gives his prey.

Hope! Yea this—that life be not enduring,

Death be not too long delayed for thee.

Dark is dense upon thee, yea, we know it,

Dark, may be, too dense for any light.

Once thou wert the world's one lamp, our mother:

In thine heart of hearts is not one spark?

Yet is light so sweet, so sweet,

None that know thee may not yearn

Once to see thine altars burn,

Once to hear thy marching feet.

Other brows than thine have borne

Dust of shame as deep as this:

Shame has vanished with Her kiss,

INDIA

Hers whose face is like the morn,
Even Freedom's. Thou canst hear
Sounds of Her in that far north:
Marches, as Her sons wheel forth,
Music, as Her voice rings clear.
They had darkness dense as thou:
Now with chainless hands and feet
These have sought and found Her sweet,
These look up with unstained brow.

Wilt thou lie alone among the nations,
Chained and soiled and naked in thy shame?
Wilt thou only kneel and cringe and grovel
While all others rise, from fear set free?
Shall thy lips still kiss the hands that smite thee
While all others beat old bonds to swords?

Who shall help thee, mother? Who,
Laying hand to hand may bid thee cheer,
Free thine eyes of deathly dew,
Free thine heart of childish faith and fear?

Thou shalt help thee, mother; thou alone,
Rend from hands and wrists the rusting fetters,
Write thy name again in living letters
Where for age on age its splendors shone.
Thou shalt walk erect that lieth prone;
Thou shalt heal the million mouths that moan,
Thou alone

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

III

Minuet : Trio : Minuet : Trio—Scherzo

What the year is bringing
When May comes singing
Some snatch of morning song among the maples
red and green,
What woods are portending
When summer is ending
And apples in the orchard burn the browning leaves
between,
Right well we know
Whose footsteps go
Through golden sand or burnt-up land with flam-
ing suns aglow.

How dawn is tender
On bamboos slender
And clusters of lush millet thronging thick about
the well;
How mangoes squander
In jungles yonder
Green lilies of their gleaming leaves and sweet
breaths good to smell;
You know that hear,
Low tuned and clear,
When monsoons cease and suns increase, the
promise of the year.

INDIA

But none of these is sweet
And none of these is fair
Compared with Her whose feet
Shine on the mountains where,
Ringed with the blue and gleaming dome
Freedom hath made Her home.

Before Her Fear hath fled
And Life and Joy are one;
The light about Her head
Is as the morning sun.
There is no foul nor fearful thing
In the shadow of Her wing.

She hath all gracious ways
All pleasure of sweet sound,
The fullness of ripe days,
The tilth of fruitful ground;
She is more sweet than pleasant shade
By rustling banyans made.

The mark that lingers
Of little fingers
Thou knowest; and little feet that flutter to and
fro in play;

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

The face that meets thee,
The hand that greets thee
Home coming from the weary fields at the dun
death of day;
And the light that falls
On mud-built walls
When with full note from little throat the bird
from thicket calls;
Or when eyes returning
New love's first yearning
Burned in thy beating breast one instant and again
looked down;
Or when thou wert twining
Her dark hair, shining
And flying from the twisted braid that makes her
little crown;
Or when thy feet
Went first to meet
Thy love full blown—and thou hast known what
life may have of sweet.

But sweeter than all these
Is love and service given
To Her whose victories
Are half the lights of heaven,
Whose radiant face is like a star
Turned on Her sons afar.

INDIA

In Her hands she hath no gold,
No prize is theirs to give,
But the great gift they hold
Is that the dead shall live.
For slaves rise up from fetters free
Where'er Her rule may be.

To serve Her and to love Her!
Once ere death to know
The fire that dwells above Her
In man's heart aglow.
There is no glory great as this,
No triumph and no bliss.

The soul of the wind and the song it sings,
The goals of its flight on its flying wings,
The message of daylight
The presage of Maylight,
And stardawn and moondawn are Hers, all Hers.
The laughter of children, their 'loving hands,
The sun and the shadows on harvest lands,
The curl of white windrift,
The spray of the spindrift,
The heart of the ocean that throbs and stirs,
The flash of white wings in the morning air,
The scent of wild clover too faint and rare,

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

The joy of the sowers,
The song of the mowers,
The humming of tunes in the giant firs,
The sunlight of living, the faith made clear,
The soul that bows down to the earth to hear,
The creed of beauty,
The song of duty,
The love of the wildwood are Hers, all Hers!
All suns that are shining to light and lead,
All flowers that are fruitful of thought and deed,
Of hope all the pleasure,
Of peace all the treasure,
And courage triumphant are Hers, all Hers!

IV

Allegro moderato

How long, how long, thou sluggard, wilt thou wear
This badge of thine abasement in thine hair?

How long shall these things, weaving at thy
shroud,

About thy drowsy palaces be proud
And from thy nerveless hands the treasure tear?

Lift up thine hands once strong, thy face once fair,
To Her who waits behind the sundawn there,

Who murmurs o'er thy smitten head, low-
bowed,

“How long! How long!”

INDIA

The tears that even in sleep thine eyelids bear
She knows that sees Her children everywhere,
 And waits while others reap where She has
 plowed,
 And waits while bitter mists the sun becloud;
And She shall wait for thee and not despair—
 How long? How long?

A LITTLE SONG FOR "THE SYSTEM"

Still have your fling, my masters
Press on your pleasant way,
Heed not if huge disasters
May skirt some other day;
You are of the anointed
And we but things appointed
To serve your sovereign will—
To serve and offer from our need
The largess due from need to greed.
Dear lords, be blithesome still.

Wanton and waste and wallow,
Stretch out your easeful span,
Bemock with pretense hollow
The laboring soul of man,
That patient, uncomplaining,
Through waxing strength and waning,
Your joys and gains ensures.
Yours is the tilth of thrifty times,
Of golden ways and sunny climes,
So long as he endures.

Debauch, debase, bemire;
Load the altars with loathsome dust;

A LITTLE SONG FOR "THE SYSTEM"

Quench the old sacred fire,
Give over to greed and lust.
Freedom with things forgotten,
Faith with things rank and rotten,
Justice halting and cold,
No need have ye for fear or shame
As with your hirelings you acclaim
Always the lordship of gold.

Rewrite in your greasy letters
The old tablets of the law,
Bind up with gilded fetters
And clutch with gilded claw.
On us work all your pleasure
Who toil to make your treasure,
A patient ass and strong;
Be confident and light of heart
In stately hall and money mart,
We thank you for our wrong.

Rot out the heart of the nation,
Control its courts and camps,
Thrust into the highest station,
Your smug smooth thieves and scamps.
We know, we hope, our duty,
We sodden things and sooty;
Take all and do not spare.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

What fault, O lords, have we to find
We serfs that bear the baser mind?
Thieve on! We do not care.

But the time will come, O rulers,
O lords in fine array,
When we shall fool the fools,
And turn the pleasant play;
When Force and Fraud will avail not
And the awakened man will quail not
But smite his bond in twain.
What shall you say if he but ask
The reckoning for his long sore task,
And his stolen hours again?

WENDELL PHILLIPS

Oh for a heart like thine that never quailed
In the darkest night, the wildest storm of
strife;

The heart that knew the North Star burned
though veiled

And thither held, whatever winds were rife,
The long unwavering steerage of its life!

So brave, so tender and through all so pure!

That would like tempered steel all blows
endure,

But with divine compassion melt above all
wrongs it could not cure.

Great heart! Great heart!

When comes to lead upon our part

One like thee?

For all the dull times yearn for might

As weary darkness for the light

And thirsting winds for the sea!

Thou sawest man stretched on his cross, the hands
Of Labor pierced with nails, the wounded feet,
The stricken head, the thorns and bloody bands,
And those that by the crucifix found seat

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

And watched man's agony and called it sweet;
And from the lips no fear nor force could quell
Such wrath divine and glorious thunders fell
No man might hear but heard therein the marching
 song of Freedom swell.

Oh for a voice like thine, as strong to wake
The fat complacent soul from its smooth sleep,
To ring like thine with living truth, to make
With noble wrath the laggard pulses leap
And smite the springs of action, hidden deep;
The voice that in the stillness was a prayer,
And yet rose clear above the battle's blare
In those supernal words of right that nerved men's
 souls to strive and dare.

Great voice! Great voice!
When comes to make our hearts rejoice
 Thy trumpet call?
A sound whereat hope lives again
In the wronged hearts of toiling men
And custom's fetters fall!

And men said then that all had been but vain:
They said the nation born of blood and tears
And rescued with incalculable pain
Would drift the quoted moral for the years,
A thing for unclean jests and cynic sneers;

WENDELL PHILLIPS

Till those that called her harlot saw the brand
Plucked from the altar, held in thy sole hand,
And awe fell on the ribald lips and new light on
the troubled land.

On for a hand like thine that might have won
Gold and all gauds and coronals of praise
Or honored ease, and was outstretched for none,
But only to men fallen on these ways.
To heal with hope, to comfort and upraise;
That strove not save to serve or to defend,
That had the tired toiler's hand to friend
And dared to be uplifted to the sunlight, stainless
to the end.

Pure hand! Strong hand!
Whose sign was blessing or command,
Come back to guide
The children of the pristine creed
That from the ark of faith and deed
Have strayed and wandered wide.

For thou the faith didst hold that had been light
To lead through mists of many a doubtful day;
And thou the fire didst keep that in the night
Blazed forth to show the fathers whither lay
By perilous steeps the upward winding way.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

And when unfaithful men would fleer and flout
And deem the ancient beacons were burned out,
Thine was the strength that rose triumphant over
every sordid doubt.

Oh for a faith like thine! For now the road
Is hemmed ahead by these vile things of Greed
And shadowed by the wings that brood and bode
Till even hearts that hopes of Freedom feed
Half doubt if there be light beyond indeed.
But thou, beholding with prophetic eyes,
Sawest the soul of the Republic rise
With disensanguined robe, with brow unbranded
to the morning skies.

Strong faith! Pure faith!
To whom was as a mist or wraith
Each shape of fear,
We that struggle in the dark
Crave of that steadfast fire a spark
To give us hope, down here.

Hate had no power to harm one gracious head,
Wealth had no snare to win from one straight path
One man that there with perfect trust did tread.
We marvel now to think how often hath
Malice laid wait in vain for thee, or wrath

WENDELL PHILLIPS

Struck at thy breast with keen or poisoned blade,
And thou, unhurt, unmoved and undismayed
Hast recompensed in perfect love the blows that
thou wouldst not evade.

Oh for a spirit such as thine that wrought
Above all dust and dross of selfish aim,
That purely gave its all of toil and thought
And had no care for calumny nor blame,
Praise, prize nor laurel, victory nor fame;
That thrust a shield between the weak and strong
And eased on lowly limbs the bondman's thong,
Great heart that knew no passion save for right,
no hatred but of wrong.

Great heart! Great heart!
From that high place where now thou art
Send us some sign.
For we that fain would share thy fight
Lack courage, patience, love, and might,—
And these, all these, were thine.

MALARIA

You think that with a sleeve of thread you've fet-
tered fast the ancient beast,
The ravening maw will not run red with any blood
of yours, at least.
You think that with some paper vote, some custom
that your people hold,
You keep those fingers from your throat that throt-
tled liberty of old.
You think because you do not see the hand that
sways the scepter now
You walk secure among the free, with soul unbound,
with unshamed brow;
The while this Force you thought to slay, this slav-
ering and malignant thing,
Keeps as of yore its wonted way in the air that's
poisoned by a king.

A thousand shapes it hath, this foe that feedeth on
the heart of man:
For one his champions have brought low since first
the weary fight began
A hundred wind their slime about, a hundred rend
with claw and beak,

MALARIA

And louder than your loyal shout echoes the starv-
ing victim's shriek.
What boots it now by what new name you call the
monster, many-lived,
If that man's curse remain the same, he struggle on-
ward bound and gyved?
What boots it that with lying songs the splendor
of your state you sing
And ease no whit that load of wrongs in the air
that's poisoned by a king?

The tinsel tawdry thrones but throw a fitful glamour
over these,
The reeking ways wherein men go with foreheads
stained, with crooking knees.
To a lump of marl may no man kneel, no man may
hail one great of birth,
But in his soul the taint shall feel, upon his brow
the grime of earth.
For great may no man be but he that serves the
common brotherhood,
And strives or dies to set men free and knows the
common bond of blood.
And this the flower ye have slain; for there is no
sweet growth will spring
But only weeds of lust and gain in the air that's
poisoned by a king.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

For freedom is a thing no more of chainless bands
and unbound feet,
With limbs that many a fetter wore her sons have
sought and found her sweet.
The slaves are fettered in the mind, the men that
cringe at custom's sway,
And in some hoar tradition find a shrine whereto
they kneel and pray.
In man's great soul, her dwelling place, she hath
erected her one throne,
This Freedom that, with double face, you hymn and
worship for your own.
With you She hath no part nor lot, Her luminous
and spotless wing
This reek and murk endureth not in the air that's
poisoned by a king.

You sing that where your banner flies round and
round the spinning sphere
No bondman's heavy groans arise, there flows no
bondman's heavy tear.
How shall you name the things that slink, borne
down by caste and custom's blight,
Whose dreadful chimes of fetters clink across your
threshold day and night?
You have no slaves? What then are these, whose
joyless lives of hopeless toil

MALARIA

Win at the last this precious ease in six feet of
your slaveless soil?

And of these slaves you have no heed. What fruit
shall any land forth bring

But sordid thought and selfish deed in the air that's
poisoned by a king?

You press to loyal, fervent lips, you bear aloft with
loyal hands,

The dreadful flag that drips and drips with martyrs'
blood in many lands.

Ensanguined by its endless stain and drunk and
mad with victory

It pleases your great hosts to feign this is some
emblem of the free.

There is no banner worth a cheer but one that tells
of dawning light,

Of men released from force and fear, from feudal
forms and old world might.

The world shall spit on this your flag that now afar
your legions fling,

And scorn it for a raveled rag in the air that's
poisoned by a king.

ESSEX STREET

A Bourgeois Excursion

Down here where lines of quivering heat,
 Shot up from pavement stones a-bake,
Dance till with throbbing of their feet
 Mine eyeballs ache,
All day by dreary hives arow
 The echoes of unslackening toil,
 Of men that grind and grieve and moil,
Resound and grow.

All night from reeking courts arise
 Strange tumults of a maddened throng,
Curse and blow and children's cries
 And thick-voiced song;
While driven on by dismal care
 Beats to and fro the human tide,
 The parched and eager lips made wide
To drink in air.

So stagnant, rancid, rank, it swoons,
 Slow, heavy, drowsy as in death,
Moist leavings of extinct monsoons
 Exhaust of breath;

ESSEX STREET

And in its languid pauses swell,
As if one sensed the very fume
And tasted of the fiery doom,
The steams of hell.

The utmost soul within one yearns
For air that is not foul and thick;
The blood of beating pulses burns,
The heart turns sick;
With fever and fierce thirst oppress,
As men that have a hideous dream,
Along the stones the stragglers stream
And have no rest.

And pour upon their heat and pain
The only opiate they can find,
And dull the sense of burning brain
And tortured mind;
While luring with false smiles and becks
A soiled and sorry creature skulks
About a drift of human hulks
And shattered wrecks

I wonder if she thinks? May be!
Or in her mind's grey muddled maze
Is room still left for memory
Of childish days,

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

Her father's kiss upon her brow,
And things she used to say and sing?
I wonder if the dead days sting
Her crazy now?

What if her father came to mark
The flower to which his bud had grown,
A lost soul drifting out to dark
And death alone?

I will not think of that—she bears
No doubt the burden of her sin.
Here is the house—I enter in
And mount the stairs,

Where crowds up to the house-top climb,
And yearn beyond the iron bars,
And toss and turn a weary time
Beneath the stars,
And count the clock-bells one by one,
And wish the iron night were past,
Till on its burning wings at last
Bounds the red sun.

I note gaunt cheeks and wolfish eyes,
Bare children with ill-covered bones,
And hear what awful hymnals rise
Of mocking moans

ESSEX STREET

Up toward that huge unhelping arch
Whose faint and fretted lace-work seems
Bedewed this night with bloody gleams
That sear and parch.

All sad, I know, so sad—but why
Confront me with these phantoms now?
I cannot bear men's burdens, I,
Upon one brow.
The world is ruled by righteous law,
And unthrift gathers its own bane,
The lightless life, the endless pain,
The empty maw.

But children of these frightful places,
Swarming in multitudes untold,
Whose little, wannish, too-wise faces
Seem strangely old—
What heartening hope of life have they
Except, to this same wheel fast bound,
To tread the same dull weary round
The same dull way?

My mind goes wandering to and fro
Among old fragments conned or heard
And wings a word I used to know,
A foolish word—

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

Equality! But who can think
Of equal bond and kindred ties
With these whose fated pathway lies
Down hell's own brink?

These spectres rob me of my rest.
I cannot quite forget that one,
That dying mother, on her breast
Her dying son.

I am not of such race as they;
Why should they harrow me with thought
Whose better brain and vein were wrought
Of other clay?

What if these toiling things should grow
A-weary of their ordered state?
Our scorn strike fire that, smouldering low,
Should flame in hate?
How if from some such pit should rise
Some portent of these wasted years,
Of ruined lives and futile tears
From hopeless eyes?

Of all the sun's dear daily light
They mostly know, I think, what falls
Between late dawn and early night
Down these dank walls.

ESSEX STREET

And in such ground what things may grow,
In healthless brains what seed take root,
To bear at last what blood-red fruit,
Aye—who shall know?

At least I do my duty, I;
My soul is free from all such qualms.
I joy to think no year goes by
Without mine alms.
To church and school with liberal hand,
I give (in ratio to my store);
There is no man that hath done more
In all this land.

How hot and heavy is the breath
That from this steaming basement springs,
As if it dripped with dews of death
From its black wings;
Or if a fever lived and had
Some loathsome lash or monstrous mace
Wherewith it beat men in the face
And made them mad.

I must get hence and quickly lest
Some taint or savor of this thing,
Some subtle trace of plague or pest
About me cling;

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

Or lest, its evil breath far blown,
 Some sewer wind of scandal rise,
 And speed with grins and winking eyes
If this be known.

And yet I linger, yet I gaze
 Where down the murky, noisome street,
In one bare loft the gas-jets blaze
 With stifling heat,
And weariest all the phantoms seem
 Of toiling men and whirling wheel,
 And all the sounds of buzzing steel
Heard in a dream.

The mill that grinds up flesh and bone,
 And tears the soul and sense apart,
Whose slaves wear out from stone to stone
 The drooping heart;
Who pay in bitter drops and thin,
 Wrung by this newer, sharper rack,
 In blinded eyes and bended back,
Some other's sin.

Stop there, stop there! How far astray
 The foolish flickering thought may go!
The needful part that these men play
 Full well I know

ESSEX STREET

*Soldiers of industry! I cry,
Toil on! be proud to make still more
Our fortunes that were great before,
Although you die.*

For each in life his lot must bear,
And patient be and serve therein,
Nor seek with strife and envious care
His ease to win.

The place of these is fixed by God;
Then deep were my impiety
If I should insubmissive be
Beneath his rod.

How lean and leaden looks the face
Above the flying needle bent!
I wonder from what alien race
That wolf was sent
To plague us with its hungry jaws,
Its crouching form and cat-like tread,
Its scowl, its strange misshapen head
And hands like claws!

How is it that across this scene
The woody hills and sun-steeped leaves
And village chestnuts gold and green
And fields and sheaves

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

Drift sudden out, keen-cut and clear;
And that white church that stands alone,
Thin steepled, half with vines o'ergrown
This many a year?

Our scanty meadow ran beside,
Down where I pitched the scented hay,
And watching once the sunny tid
That on it lay,
The preacher perched above my head,
The sun and shadows faded out
And all my mind was drawn about
One thing he said.

*"God knows no rank, no first, no last,
But, children of one even birth,
One sacred tie of blood binds fast
All sons of earth;
And rich or poor, and great or small,
Are like dry drift of old brown leaves
The wind in earliest winter weaves
Behind yon wall."*

But were these praters once to see
This world stripped bare they moon about,
This figment of fraternity
Would ravel out

ESSEX STREET

Before dear truth that does not dream
But shows the reefs that must divide
The stagnant from the moving tide
In the human stream.

I marvel if amid their pain
Some glimpse fleets by of dewy grass,
Or where along a poplared plain
Cloud-shadows pass,
Or where the cold sea-water drips
From worn-down rocks by steepy brinks,
Or dark springs where the goatherd drinks
With laughing lips.

I marvel if no visions tender
Of mountain town or little lake
Ferns and round hills and hemlock slender
Grey memory wakes;
Of boy and girl, of goat-bell's jingle,
Deep piny breaths and valleys long,
Or lapsing waves' sonorous song
Down murmurous shingle.

If in those days the cool dim sea
Its arms about them all had thrown
And kissed them till they ceased to be
With but one moan,

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

Were sleep not better than this strife
To linger out with brutish toil
And scanty crusts this little coil
Of bitter life?

Absurd! For, master of his fate,
Man makes or mars to his own will;
The magic of the fortunate
Is thrift and skill.
Or very like, this coarser stuff
Of baser brains and meaner minds
Its own congenial level finds
Of crude and rough.

Not otherwise my way I won,
From step to step to this fair height;
My craft, the sense of duty done
With all my might.
And if such consecrated aim,
Such high resolve and will of steel,
To things like these have no appeal
Whose is the blame?

Who is to blame then? And who makes
This vast black cavern of despair?
Who weaves the shape of fear that shakes
The dwellers there?

ESSEX STREET

So pondering, not so much at ease,
I turned me homeward, firm of mind
For no more striving to unbind
God's mysteries.

For this must be His work and will;
Not otherwise might these things grow
Whose wise and awful purpose still
We may not know.
Or if it be not God,—then who?——
Then strode one from that dreadful place
And thrust a finger in my face
And thundered—“*You!*”

THE END OF THE CONCORDAT

Lo! in the East, the first broad bands of light!

It is my France again, as oft before.

As to saved mariners looks sweet the shore,

So at the lapse of this long reign of night

Looms to the watching world her visage bright.

She gives the signal, holds the torch once more,

As when from heads of kings the crowns she
tore,

And forward flashed to lead the hosts of Right.

It is not dark on earth, for she hath spoken;

Nor bitter now, for she hath slain despair.

I see the ranks of Force dismayed and broken,

I see the lips of Freedom, fierce and fair.

Shout! for this shines the long expected token;

Shout! for the daylight breaks along the air.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

Blows! and all shames! and twitching hands
That fain would claw or choke him dead;
Prison, and want, and iron bands,
And curses heaped upon his head!
Hot hatreds and the colder wrath
That hissed or hid along his path!
And through all these he walked as one
Whose inner peace outpours like May-day sun
The light of perfect love, the joy of service done.

They haled him down the hooting street,
They mocked and mired the gentle face,
They snarled to see the buffets beat
About his brows—in that same place
Where stood of old the sacred shrine,
Blood-bought, of Freedom the divine.
So fared he for his grievous wrong
Who listened to the earth's eternal song
That all her children to one race and blood
belong.

He would not lift a hand to lengthen
The life he held no more his own

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

Than his whose blood was shed to strengthen
The seed the earlier saints had sown.
All life, all breath, all toil, all rest,
Fed but the one fire in his breast,
And praise and blame and praise again
Unnoted screamed or sang within his ken
Who strove not save to heal the stricken hearts
of men.

O son of Christ! O steadfast saint!
O life that burns aloft, alone!
O flame unflecked by sordid taint,
And stronger from each tempest grown!
Great lamp that fired the cloudy span
Till hearts leaped up with hope for man,
Along our foreland Time, the sea
Blots lesser light by light but threats not thee,
Bright with pure love and kindled for the race
to be!

MAGDALENA

The saffron dawn supplants the purple night,
The wide-winged morning wins from dark to
bright

And all her colors come and go and leave
In other souls the sense or sound of light—
But yours that knows not noon from dark-eyed
eve,
In whose dead sight there are no tints to weave.

You that along a lone and fearful track
Look and behold no hue but only black;
You to whose sense the songs of things are dumb,
To whom no suns nor springs nor tides come back;
Who dwell, whatever days or deeds may come,
Within a darkened chamber, cold and numb.

In other eyes are myriad lights that shine,
Faith is a torch and hope a star divine,
And morrows burn and sunsets presage fair,
Or river ripples glisten line on line.
There are no lights nor faiths for you that bear
In your dead heart one night of dead despair.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

As one that feels the damp of his own tomb,
Or hears the words that seal his lingering doom,
You go apart with horror-haunted eyes,
You grope in this immitigable gloom;
You, tortured spirit in the Pit of Sighs,
Sad with dumb wails and inarticulate cries.

Incurable! for we have doomed it so,
We wise blind fools that know not what we know,
We crawlers, we of tainted word and deed,
That, lowly, scorn another head brought low,
That mock your scars while we have those that
 bleed
And yield no mercy whereof most we need.

We that go grimed with faults as black as yours,
We whose weak eyes each wandering light allures,
We that have joy to heap up wrong on wrong,
We that tear wide our wounds in search of cures,
We that the hurt would scourge with sharper thong,
We that mix harsher notes in Discord's song.

We that sow pain as seed is sown in earth,
We that make hell and view it with mad mirth,
We that are deaf when the woeful world makes
 moan,
We that are blind to flowers of death and birth,
We that find music in the prisoner's groan,
We, we, are they whose hands first cast the stone.

MAGDALENA

Ours that run red with many a brother's blood,
Ours that dip deep in many a loathsome flood,
Ours that go gathering dust and leaves and chips,
Ours that are foul from fumbling in the mud,
Ours skilled to snatch the crusts from needy lips,
Ours that are hard from handles of the whips.

“ Fallen ” we call you, sister. If we fell
With every stumbling down such steepes of hell,
To hear all hours the stricken spirits mourn,
And, leprous, with the sad soul-lepers dwell,
Where is the man of all men woman-born
That might make bold to brand thee with his scorn?

We of the world that made you what you are,
Across the face of time this crimson scar,
This trampled soul, this burnt and blackened thing.
How should we fare before some heavenly bar
If through the azure courts your cry should ring
And you flit by on torn and broken wing?

But I, my sister, standing with the rest,
By these old chains of custom still opprest,
As if I might for mine own sins atone,
Hurl too my missile at your bleeding breast,
Self-scorning and with wonder that the stone
Returns not from your breast to bruise mine own.

MARIE SPIRODONOVA

Saint, that through the long Siberian night
The slow cold stars dost scan
For any breaking of the laggard light
That thou didst dream for man,
Madonna, round whose holiest head
A deathless aureole is shed,—
What praise on any lip may be
Fit for a soul supreme like thee?
What tribute but our tears bring we
Who know thee living that art dead?

Living: although grey silence comes to seal
The great heart pangless now.
Living: although the frosty shadows steal
About the broad pure brow.
Yea, living: thou whose life was thought,
In one great deathless triumph wrought,
It is not thee they hurt, this frame
Their beasts would scar and mar and shame.
On thee, a spirit and a flame,
Their force and fangs and claws are naught.

MARIE SPIRODONOVA

If these could quench the starry lights, or slay
The dawn, or with their might
Keep captive still the flying feet of day
In caverns of this night,
So could the thong and torture win
Something upon the soul within;
To whom all flames of heavenly fires
All lights that burn on mountain spires
As lofty thoughts and dear desires
And all things pure and high are kin.

This brow whereon the iron heels were set
Was ours, my saint, not thine:
And drop by drop thy blood has paid our
debt,
The guilty world's and mine.
For we that sit at hearthstone ease
And lift no hand on things like these
And watch with calculating eyes
The flood of misery rise and rise,
What fits us now but penitent cries
And dust-bowed heads and suppliant knees?

Yea, for red sins of ours thy blood was shed,
For us the painful breath,
For us torn wounds and weary stricken head,
For us the lingering death.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

The cause of man in all these lands
Was set within thine own sweet hands
And when at the divine great blow
This trampler on men's hearts lay low
Lighter was all the wronged world's woe,
And looser every toiler's bands.

Content! Content! have ease for all the rack!
Is it not, martyr, well?
For chains and pains and fires he comes not
back

Whom thou didst send to hell.
The fiend is cold within one brain,
The heart is stilled that fed on pain,
The hand that loved to rend and mar.
Let all these slaves serve their red czar—
Keep thou thine eyes upon this star,
They cannot make him live again.

THE WORLD AND THE SPIRIT

The World

Stars were bright and skies were blue
Ere man's life and shall be after,
Clouds spread wings and spindrift flew,
Waters, rippling into laughter,
Blessed bare vasts and pathless places.
What, then, care ye whether man
Free or unfree dreams his span,
Light as leaves the wild winds strew
Round and round the dim wood's spaces?

Prate ye of a growing light
That shall be his lamp for guiding?
Swift his footsteps pass toward night,
Lights and lamps have no abiding.
Wasters of the days that wither,
What achieve ye for this shade
On the dial dimly made,
Man, that has not strength nor sight,
Knows not whence and knows not
whither?

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY,

The Spirit

Bitter is the span and brief,
 Few and faint man's steps, we know it;
But of fairer fruit or leaf
 What the seed may be we sow it,—
 We of feeble hands that grope,
 We that bent on seeding time
 Heed no fruits of summer's prime,
We that plant Time's perfect sheaf
 Planting winnowed grain of Hope.

Yea—for man is all in all.
 Barren were all fields and mirthless,
Day to day should songless call,
 Streams be mute and winds be worthless,
 Should men see these things and mind not.
 Every man that is set free
 Looks toward freer Men-to-be
Whom, while days shall rise and fall,
 Chains shall hold not, mists shall blind
 not.

Whence and whither know not we,
 Nor when comes the chainless morrow;
Dust by land or drift by sea,
 Joy shall touch us not, nor sorrow.

THE WORLD AND THE SPIRIT

We shall watch and go our way;
Yet at last when worn-out eyes
Close upon the dawnless skies,
Even then the cry may be
“On the hills the wheels of Day!”

“CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY”

(Glose)

And all the old westward face of time grown grey
Was writ with cursing and inscribed for death;
But on the face that met the morning's breath
Fear died of hope as darkness dies of day.

A. C. S.

So slow the shadows move, so slow! The blood
Of saints and martyrs seems all shed in vain.
The feudal seed still bears the sanguine bud,
The bud brings forth the bitter fruit of pain.
No less the driven slave tugs at his chain,
The master lolls at ease, the throne holds sway.
Forms change, the fetters clang the self-same song;
Names change, but hearts are blasted still with
wrong;
Still Force with fires of torture lights his way
And all the old Westward face of Time grown grey.

For all these swarming streets of dreadful hell,
For these lost souls therein that moil and grope,
For the lords of gold that slay to thrive, or sell
Scant bloody bread for the price of light and hope,

“CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY”

Fat lords that hold the other keys, and ope
The gates of burning hell—who answereth?
Lo, lords, how leprous all your fingers look!
Ye mind us of that state of France that shook
Of old like this—whose face, the record saith,
Was writ with cursing and inscribed for death!

Ye mind us, masters of the dark that dwelt
Across the lovely face of France before
Her sleeping soul was stirred, before she felt
The deep corrosion of the chains she wore.
Take note: her spoilers had your pride—and more.
With thong and goad and taunt that tortureth
They worked their wanton will on drudge and
 slave;

And not on lord alone, nor royal knave,
Lingered the livid light that poisoneth,
But on the face that met the morning's breath.

Yet a few years and like a withered leaf
In the red rapture of a tide of fire
Shriveled the royal knave and lordly thief.
Sifting the ashes of that splendid pyre,
Lordlings, I ask you if no portents dire
Your hands upon the rose of pleasure stay?
No dim misgivings and no furtive doubt?
No solemn thought that comes and dwells about
The fateful grateful time whereof men say
Fear died of hope as darkness dies of day?

THE GARDEN

This bush that found the softer soil
 Had grown until its shaggy head
Obscured the gardener and his toil,
 Obscured the white rose and the red.

And marveling men gazed o'er the wall
 And praised the bush in speech and song,
And marked the trunk grown fair and tall,
 The vivid leafage, green and strong.

It sent abroad its roots and shoots,
 From sun and dew it gathered might,
And men foresaw that splendid fruits
 Should fall if harvest tide came right.

And other tillage was forgot
 In pride of that great spreading tree;
What wholesome growths might droop and
 rot,
 What flowers might fail, were naught to me.

There came no rose-drift down that way,
 The red rose and the white had died;

THE GARDEN

That this great bush might gain its sway
The kindlier roots of earth were dried.

No shafts of sunlight sifted down
Through spaces of the lofty woof;
The grass beneath turned sick and brown,
The rank air swooned below that roof.

And all was dark within, without,
And filled with bats and creeping things;
And for old faith a sordid doubt
Fluttered my sense with unseen wings.

There was a shrine my fathers' hands
Had reared with toil and blood to be
A lantern to all struggling lands,
A sign and symbol to the free.

And I was wont to worship there,
With low bent head hold solemn thought,
And incense burn of praise and prayer
Before an altar dearly bought.

Until this tree made dark the door,
Defiled the shrine with things of shame,
Scattered foul leaves upon the floor
And on the altar quenched the flame.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

It spread, my tree, until its growth
Had hidden walks and choked the gate,
And naught grew there but weeds of sloth
And things of wrong and things of hate.

And I awoke to find a limb
Had thrust athwart my window pane,
And made my hearth look strangely dim,
And shut me from the day again.

And I cried out, *Hew down the tree!*
Pluck up its maze of deadly root!
For roses and clear air to me
Are more than all its golden fruit!

THE DEAD LEADER

(Theodore Thomas died January 4, 1905)

And now, great soul that thus the end has found
Where laboring hands are still, where care is
naught,

Although we knew that with celestial sound
Beyond the marvelous music of your thought,
With strain and song unutterably sweet,
The mighty dead to make you room arose,
And unimagined joy should lead your feet
Through endless bloom, by fadeless garden close,
Still, still, with undimmed eyes not one could see
The place where once your face was wont to be.

So dull, so selfish, and so weak we are,
We fain would have him labor who has peace,
And stay him with our love who hears afar
The faint sure call that bids his trouble cease.
But ah, so much you meant to us, so much!

That now as one in utter dark we grope,
As one whose hand has lost the friendly touch
Of stronger hand, of stainless faith and hope,
We cannot choose but sit with low bowed head
And with dumb anguish crave again our dead.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

“It may be best”—so hollow sounds the word,
And hollow every word that seeks to heal
The heavy woundings of the certain sword.
There is no turning of that destined steel.
The silence smites the splendid life in twain
And strikes the hand upon the garnered sheaf,
Bids cease the weaving of the busy brain
And for the laurel wreathes the cypress leaf.
We guess not why—but stumbling on we give
With tears blind thanks that such a life did live.

We see the noble work complete, and know
That while men live and feel and starward yearn,
The fruitage of your restless toil will grow,
The flame you lighted will not cease to burn.
But oh, my leader, how shall that fulfill
The place left empty in so many a heart?
And what benignant recompense can still
The unremitting pain that, now we part,
Reveals the strange great power that upward drew
All listening souls as not your art but you?

For you, unending peace and stirless rest
Beneath the stars: there is no more of pain.
The mighty mother to her healing breast
Gathers her great and loyal son again.

THE DEAD LEADER

For us, keen visions of the earnest face,
Sharp catchings at the heart when we shall hear
In evening hours from unconsidered space
Faint notes of glorious strains that he made clear;
For us, the brooding memories that throng
With broken chords the sad unfinished song.

THE LAST DAYS OF THOMAS CHATTERTON

(Poet and Martyr)

Fight with thy wings, poor land bird blown
to sea,
Wheeling so wildly in the empty dome!
Below thee waits the lean and white-lipped
foam
As snarer for his spoil, impatiently.
Here is no pause nor resting place for thee.
This way and that the straining eyes may
roam,
They gain no glimpse of thine old harboring
home,
And yet the fluttering wings so weary be!
Nay, Force, the foe implacable that caught
The eagle Shelley in his fiery flight,
And on the heart of blameless Bruno wrought
With fang of serpent and with claw of kite,
For all thy song with love and music fraught
Holds for thee, too, the icy shroud of night.

SONGS FOR BARBARA

SEVEN YEARS OLD

In what forest depth now nestless,
Since you left it lorn and guestless,
Echoed first those footsteps restless?

Who first called you queen?
You that with that presence airy
Mortal seem not but all faery,
Flown from ways unseen.

Birds are of that land of dreaming,
Clouds draw thence their texture gleaming,
You are of their gracious seeming,
Child amid the flowers;
In whose eyes the deep lights glinting
Give us strange surmises, hinting
Sweeter worlds than ours

When with song and merry chatter
Up the stairs your swift feet patter,
Flowers of light you seem to scatter
More than earth could grow.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

Were you told in that faint heaven
Secrets of the mystic seven
Not for us to know?

Seven Charms for Old Time's Thieving,
Seven Guards against Sore Grieving,
Seven Magic Ways of Weaving—
Thus the lore of old:
Sevenfold the lure of beauty,
Seven-rayed the star of duty
Gleams with points of gold.

Seven years their flight have taken,
From whose wings the fates have shaken
Days a-dark and griefs that waken
Thoughts beyond all tears;
Yet of joy have not bereft us,
You and love and light are left us
Through the changing years.

Seven times with crimson glory
Robin here has told his story,
Shaming forth old winter hoary
With his shivering crew.
What when seven more years have drifted
Through the veil that hangs unlifted
Will they mean for you?

SONGS FOR BARBARA

Seven times this day above you,
Seven times the wonder of you,
Show us, passing, how we love you
Seven times the more.
Seven times with deep thanksgiving
We have hailed and blessed you living,
Sent from some bright shore.

EIGHT YEARS OLD

If dark were not, if the clouds we see
But films or forms of the sun might be,
And night came not nor the stars, then we
Should never love the light.
We should not care if the spring were fair
Nor with what wreaths she had bound her
hair,
What hoods of green all the hills might wear
When apple buds grew white.

If storms were not, if the girdled deep
Should dream as you in your softest sleep,
Or as the languorous summers steep
Some lake among the hills,
We should not know how the star lamps grow
One by one as the day drops low,
Nor the peace wherewith their gentle glow
The souls of watchers fills.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

The gardener frost when the year grows old
Snips and snips with his fingers cold
The stems and stalks of the green and gold
And leaves the woodlands bare.
Why, but for him and his reaping keen,
When suns come back and the grass comes
green
And buttercups on the hills are seen,
I think we should not care.

If skies are grey when old winter sifts
The crisping snow into feathery drifts,
And scowls, maybe, as his breath uplifts
The skeins of flying sleet—
Why, but for him and his surly ways
We should not care for those balmier days,
And have no heart for the Junes and Mays
That are like you, my sweet.

We should not look for that line of red
That shows in buds where the rose is bred,
Nor heed the pink if it lift its head
When now the days grow long;
Nor might the tunes in the trees seem clear
When after rains in the dawn we hear,
While blackbirds chatter and blue wings veer,
A trill of liquid song.

SONGS FOR BARBARA

When winds sweep down on their wheeling
wings

To twine your hair into tangled rings
And hum wild tunes of the strangest things
Among the tossing trees,
Some hint or note of the summer seems
To dwell that night in our fireside dreams,
The willow glistens and the oak leaf gleams
And sweet are memories.

And it may be if we knew not grief,
Were shadows short and the suns not brief,
And joys were more than a flying leaf,
Not one of us might know
(As endless day may not sing of night,
Nor dark that never has seen the light
May stir with the soul of the day grown white)
How much to you we owe.

As purple sunset to purple morn,
As blowing wheat to the wavy corn,
As new-come rose to the rose unborn,
So life with pain is kin.
Yet pain goes by as the shifting foam,
As mists blown through the great sapphire
dome,
In hearts where love having made its home
Sheds light like yours within.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

NINE YEARS OLD

Though March down leaden skies came scowling,
 Gray and grim and old,
With wolf-fanged winds about her howling,
 Winter-bit and cold;
Or if fresh suns and flowers were going,
 Not coming, on their way,
And these great horns weird lips are blowing
 Gave no hint of May,
We should not come with tribute laden
 June to praise and woo,
Call her sovereign, rose-wreathed maiden,
 Month with eyes of blue;
First of all months, green or hoary,
March should still be crown and glory,
Still should lead the year's sung story,—
 March that gave us you.

When hills grow green and maples redden
 Sharp against the sky,
And hungry mists once lean and leaden
 Stretch long wings and fly,
When all the earth the grey days saddened
 Goes a-tiptoe now,
Fresh arbutus that the woods has gladdened
 Bound about her brow,

SONGS FOR BARBARA

When ear to earth we hear the stirring
 Of buds and things to be,
And there's a blackbird's wing a-whirring
 Under the sap-streaked tree,
March is the time for you that lighten
Hearts as the new winds blow and brighten
And with fresh mirth and laughter frighten
 Storm clouds out to sea.

TEN YEARS OLD

What music in the wild March weather
 Through the tossing branches blown,
Shall we, sitting here together,
 Build of many a tune and tone?
For this friend of ours can bellow,
 Or make longer notes and mellow,
As his breath sounds all the trumpets in the elm
 tree hoar and lone.

He can play us mighty marches
 Full of bugles and of drums;
He can sing of great blue arches
 After rain-dimmed April comes;
He can clash the spears and lances
 Or drone out the stateliest dances,
He can make us think of great gold harps his fly-
 ing finger strums.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

He has madrigals of meadows
 Brimming over with the sun,
And soft hints of haunting shadows
 When the hottest days are done:
He has fanfares for the flowers,
 And cadenzas of slant showers,
He can pipe all notes of gladness for the springtide
 new begun.

We can hear the subtle throbbing
 Of the earth beneath her tread,
We can almost hear the sobbing
 Of old winter for his dead;
March knows all of Robin's singing,
 The long bright flash of blue-birds winging,
All the woodland's wavy woof to be of green and
 white and red.

He can sing the keen eyes darkling
 Of a laughing, dancing maid,
He can mind me of their sparkling,
 I can see her brown hair strayed,
Blowing, carelessly uplifted,
 By his breathing softly drifted,
She is like the loveliest presto that his violins have
 played.

He can almost mark the measure
 (When his richest chords rejoice)

SONGS FOR BARBARA

Of the ringing note of pleasure
 Chiming, rhyming in your voice;
 And he clinks the silver sweetness
 Till we think of the completeness
Of the love of all your subjects, for indeed we have
 no choice.

Light of life and lilt of laughter
 In the song of wind or bird
Had no worth, here or hereafter
 More than any idle word
 If the strains that breath of sunlight
 Bore no gleam nor beam of one light,
Even love the soul of all the melodies that man has
 heard.

PETRARCH'S 104TH SONNET

No peace, no peace and yet for strife, what ground?

With fear and hope, with heat and frost pierced
through,

I creep on earth, yet cleave the heavenly blue;
And owning naught, am lord the world around.

Restrained, and half-way from restraint unbound,

No captive, I each day a chain renew.

Love will not slay, nor let me life pursue,
Nor have I liberty nor prison found.

With eyesight, blind; with speech, all dumb again;

Craving destruction, crying "Help!" in dread,

Loathing my heart and loving secretly,

I laugh the while I weep for torturing pain,

And evil think of the living and the dead:

This is my state, my lady—all through thee!

MADONNA IN THE HIGHWAYS

One face went by. The dreary beat
Of rumbling wheel and restless feet
Fell suddenly as hushed and still
As brooding air at midnight will
When winds find rest in their retreat.
You know how in mid-August heat
A long wave bows the ripening wheat,—
So to a sense of sudden thrill
 One face went by.

I know not what of strange and sweet
Made all the ways turn gold to greet
Her coming, and without our will
All voices sink to whispers till
Dreamily down the dusty street
 One face went by.

VIA REGGIO

O heart of hearts! O seer and king of song!
O eagle souled for flight superb and strong!
Down this dark roadway to the stirless peace,
Where ill things come not and the storm-winds
 cease,
Where naught may torture thee nor do thee
 wrong,
Faded the wings into the brooding night
And left us but thy deathless words for light.

Way of the King! Uncrowned of drossy gold
And of no title rooted back in mold,
Unhailed of hireling hands and grovelling knees,
But monarch of celestial melodies,
And lord of love, whose splendid faith could hold,
As light enwraps a flower at its birth,
In one embracing bond all sons of earth.

Way of the King, through gardens of strange
 flowers,
By signs of things unseen and hidden powers,

VIA REGGIO

Among strange harmonies of ghostly quires,
Lightning and shadows, suns and fervent fires,
With gifts of darkening days and sleepless hours,
And over all the silver star of love
That through the tempest beckoned him above.

THE OLD YEARS

Only a rose she had worn
 Twined in her bright brown hair.
She threw it with something of scorn—
Only a rose she had worn.
Withered, faded, forlorn—
 Why do I keep it with care?—
Only a rose she had worn
 Twined in her bright brown hair!

IN MEMORY OF THEODORE THOMAS

So close the ivory gates he stood before;
So from within their leaves a light too keen
Or dark too dense subdues the fire he bore.
Though by its flame we wanderers here have seen
Such things beyond we know not what they mean,
Dark, dark, is all now; in the empty place
Where once we knew the furrowed kindly face
And now sounds not his footfall any more
Through blurring eyes the shadows drear we see
That in all days to come shall moveless be.

So strange it seems. Yea, this must be, we know.
Yet of some land beyond, in those dead days,
So wondrous were the sights he used to show,
The stars that shine and wane upon its ways,
The heights that lie behind its hollow haze,
We did not think that light could cease for him;
We could not think of those eyes growing dim,
Nor what the world might be if he should go
A lonely traveler in that very land
Whose veil seemed half-way lifted by his hand.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

It is as if along a path unknown
One trod with faltering footsteps in the dark
And felt a stronger hand within his own
Leading him on from unseen mark to mark;
And lo! the friendly hand is gone, and, hark!
Where once was kindly voice and heartening
word

Only these echoes of wild cries are heard,
And groping still one feels the chilly stone,
And knows that now where'er the way may go,
Alone he travels it, unsure and slow.

The streets, the very streets are not the same
As when I threaded them on visions bent
And through the changes of dull clamors came
Glimpse after glimpse of dreams his music meant;
For then by whatso toiling way we went,
The spell he wove, a subtle sense of song,
Showered a sunlight all the road along,
And now, perchance, if one but name his name,
As from grey mists the shadows hover down
And bleak and dreary shows the sordid town.

There is a sense of silence in the air,
The ceaseless thunders of the streets grow dim,
And these faint sounds in this dark chamber bear
The scarce heard burden of a mourning hymn
That further spreads beyond the daylight's brim.

IN MEMORY OF THEODORE THOMAS

For sound may not seem real where soul bows
down

Above the fallen head and laurel crown,
And knows that in all music wheresoe'er
The eager ear shall strive and strive in vain
To find among all chords the well-loved strain.

Master, if with melodies unailing,
If in any land of light,
Dark was plucked from thy keen eyes, unveiling
What is hidden from our sight;
If the chords that here at best seem broken
Anywhere completed be,
If on some faint strand a word be spoken
Clearer than we heard from thee,
Fain, O master ours, we would have token,
For this groping fain would see.

Well it is with thee, we know, our father,
Who hast won from strife to rest.
What were we then, should we wish thee rather
Toiling brain and wounded breast?
In these ways where save by love unlighted,
Save for song perplexed with pain,
Life a day may labor on unblighted,
Hope may struggle up unslain,
Eyes go seeking for the stars unsighted,
Hands for things no hand shall gain.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

Yet not strange it may be in thy vision,
Who so oft hast tasted pain,
If we stumblers, plagued with indecision,
Yearn to see thy face again.
Who shall turn the bitter edge of sorrow?
Who hath comfort, who hath ease?
From what dream or legend shall we borrow
Any help for days like these?
From what height of storm forecast a morrow
Breaking clear on lonely seas?

Even as the perfect crown was woven
Fell the hand that grasped it fast;
Even as the long-wished way was cloven
Weary eyes had sleep at last.
All thy dreams and days had this for ending,
All thy ways had this for goal;
All the lights from heavenly song descending
Shine upon an unread scroll,
All the airy forms from stars down bending
Bear this to the baffled soul.

Love was none so strong it might have shielded
Even thee from that weird call.
Strong was ours and thine and it has yielded
To the dark that waits for all.
Only in a quiet evening hour
Sometimes when we sit alone,

IN MEMORY OF THEODORE THOMAS

Days long past and dear revive and flower
 Into colors once thine own,
 Into strains of rapture, love, and power,
 Glories of the builded tone.

Yet with solemn peans of thanksgiving,
Songs half-heard, half-choked and vain,
We have mind upon the lights left living,
Hope we have for all this pain.
Smitten hard and humbled we
Utter praise that still we see.
Father, though thy face we know not,
Though by old worn ways we go not,
Those that had thy hand for guiding still
have thee.

Nay, on these, on these shall death prevail not,
 Memories, visions, thoughts and dreams,
 Dreams so clear they come again and pale not,
 Thought wherein thy presence seems
 Handfast with us as before,
 Friend from whom we part no more.
 Safe amid all Time's mutations
 Art sustains the soul's creations;
 Age on age is brightened by the fire the artist
 bore.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

Naught is lost; for beauty may not perish.
If one soul, but one alone,
Heard those messages of thine we cherish
Framed and fragrant all of tone,
All earth's ways would be more sweet,
Flowers be fresher at his feet,
Clouds and shadows and the sunlight
Take new colors from this one light,
Love look lovelier in these rays that on its
pathway beat.

All the statues years shall rend asunder,
(Dreams divine in stone made true,)
All the colors shall the strong suns plunder,
All the fanes the sands subdue.
Still the subtle springs of art
Stir the forces whence upstart
All the songs of inspiration,
All the raptures of creation,
Not for forms like these that perish but for
man's great heart.

This thy work, then, as men not despairing,
Though dismayed on this strange way,
We, thy children, hold fast, faintly faring
Where in doubt and dark we may.
Now no longer at thy side
This alone we have for guide,

IN MEMORY OF THEODORE THOMAS

Even Beauty the Eternal;
Whom with psalm and strain supernal
 Thou didst worship while these shadows might
 for thee abide.

So striving as all stricken men to find
If any help may be for hurts like these,
Weak, we know it, groping, dull and blind,
The bitter hours we fill with fantasies,
And somber colors of old memories,
Telling ourselves that with this thought or dream
Eased of its smart the wound belike will seem.
And ever undeceived the unhelped mind
Knows the lost labor: all may not replace
The voice, the hand, the furrowed kindly face.

THE GOAL

After all the gusts and flaws of day,
Vain clouds, lost waves, and bursting streams of
 spray,

 Note now, the night comes down and gives to
 these

 The balm and blessing of her dreamless ease
And takes from each the heart of pain away.

The river finds it hath no plaint to play,
The grieving harper wind makes cease to lay
 Its flying fingers on the tinkling trees,
 After all.

Who knows, for all the songs and sonnets say,
That any life with eager feet astray
 Is sweeter than the sunless depths of seas,
 The calm that lies behind the blown-out breeze,
The rest and silence of the unstirred clay,
 After all?



THE RIVIERA

(Rondeau Redoublé)

By shimmering seas the lights were blue,
The air was shot with bursting spray,
A low wind hummed the cypress through;
All songs were sweet that perfect day.

I mind just how the shadows lay,
What colors on the hills they drew,
And how beyond the lighthouse grey
By shimmering seas the lights were blue.

On that long strand where the seagulls flew
How clear the vista stretched away!
Save where, (a scarf of snowy hue,)
The air was shot with bursting spray.

The balmy breath of a northern May
Across the reddening garden grew;
With smells as of new northern hay
A low wind hummed the cypress through.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

I know, I know—our words were few,
What words shall man and woman say
When singing thoughts are fine and true?
All songs were sweet that perfect day.

And now as down these scenes I stray
Each sight tears at my wound anew;
The old gloom claims me for its prey,
Lacking the sunlight—which was you—
By shimmering seas!

SEA DREAMS

(Rondelets)

How sings the sea?
By glittering leagues and leagues of blue
How sings the sea?
For many songs and moods hath she,
Loud in the rocks she thunders through,
Soft to the winds her wavelets woo,
How sings the sea!

Ye would have gold,
And yet ye heed the morning not.
Ye would have gold?
Then what is all this wealth untold
The noon across the sea hath shot?
Gather, if ere ye be forgot
Ye would have gold.

"Love have I none,"
I said, and steadfast went my way.
Love have I none?
How came it then that as the sun
Decked the blue sea in gold array
I searched and found no heart to say,
Love have I none?

SEA TRIOLETS

Indian Ocean

Blue satin, white lace,
 She hath for her dower.
What is meet for her face?
Blue satin, white lace
And a sobering trace
 Of purple for power.
Blue satin, white lace
 She hath for her dower.

With the dawn she awakes.
 From the lure of her trances,
When the long shadow breaks
With the dawn, she awakes
And the first sunbeam makes
 The tune of her dances.
With the dawn she awakes
 From the lure of her trances.

Guard well your eyes—
 She hath snares for your heart!
When the blue ripples rise
Guard well your eyes!

SEA TRIOLETS

When the sea sparkle flies
And the long rollers start
She hath charms for your eyes
She hath snares for your heart.

But the gems she can wear
When she's clothed by the sun!
There is naught worth your care
But the gems she can wear
On her breast, in her hair,
Set in gold finely spun—
But the gems she can wear
When she's clothed by the sun!

FROM SUEZ TO ADEN

(Kyrielle)

Here in the east the yellow light
Parts the reluctant hands of night
And wakes with weirdest melody
The fair fierce soul men call The Sea.

The tune is low, the notes are faint,
Till Dawn, released from all restraint,
Touches her brow and sets her free,
The fair fierce soul men call The Sea.

Then wild winds rise to scatter o'er
With liberal gems the crinkled floor,
And deck with snowy tracery
The fair fierce soul men call The Sea.

And from long reaches at the stars
And plunging towards the crimson bars,
Content in her white arms to be,
(The fair fierce soul men call The Sea)

The ship comes sailing, fleet and strong,
Turning the tinkling sprays to song;

FROM SUEZ TO ADEN

And she replies in notes of glee,
The fair fierce soul men call The Sea.

And other voices she hath none,
Save that low hymnal to the sun,
Whose last look seeks regretfully
The fair fierce soul men call The Sea.

At eve I mean, when from the west
The long light slants across her breast,
And crowned with gold and fire is she,
The fair fierce soul men call The Sea.

Till all her lovers start and feel
Again her thralldom on them steal,
And bow and worship inwardly
The fair fierce soul men call The Sea.

My goddess of the gold and blue,
What arid space my thought cleaves through
To find and cling about thy knee,
The fair fierce soul men call The Sea!

THE SOUTHEAST TRADES

(Sicilian Octave)

The mightest builders of the sky, and best,
Whose tireless toil rears dazzling dome on dome,
White pinnacles whereon the stars make nest,
Great glittering halls whence errant planets roam,
These hands that rear aloft the roller's crest
And save the seagull's sandy strip of home,
Are hands that braid about the ocean's breast
The long bright ribandry of driven foam.

ANGAUR ISLAND

(Concerto)

Allegro

Green on green she hath for her attire,
 Green wherein strange passions glow,
Green whose shifting depths seem liquid fire,
 Green where shadows come and go;
Green like that great gem, the world's desire,
 Wanton Delhi used to show.
 Throat to little feet
 Green hath robed my sweet,
Leaving bare the twining hair the lips of trade
 winds know.

Something sparkles in her hair
 All the lingering light;
Something on her brow left bare
 Glitters sharp and bright:
That is sea-spray shining where
 Sunbeams show it white.
 Spray for jewels, green for gown,
 Girdled with the sea-sand brown,
 Wrapped in dream on dream lies she,
 Hearing but the drowsy sea.

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

Here she lies as one half-tranced and listening,
All her soul intent on song,
Where the blue-based breakers comb, and, glistening,
Fall the shelving sand along,
Now with chords as for their birth or christening,
Now with airy notes and strong.
Harp and horn and bell—
Faint and clear they swell,
Till with beat of eager feet the throbbing measures
throng.

Wind, O wind, whose wings flash over
Leagues and leagues of curling sea,
Let your flight here pause and hover,
Let your wings here folded be.
Heart have you to be her lover,
Brightest of the isles is she.

Broadly flung along the beach, and foaming
Smoothly white and rounded over rocks,
Hark! when all the deeper notes cease throbbing
Seaward sliding scurf takes up the song.
Low and long and droning on the pebbles
Chords they have like conches lightly blown:
Chords of clouds reflected in their shallows,
White, save where the palm tree leaning over,
Belike to listen to the lisping sound,

ANGAUR ISLAND

Cuts across with image green and darkling,
All the shadows of the pools beneath.
Chords of clouds and chords of dreary driftings
Piped one moment while the breakers pause :
Then the dark-souled water upward climbing
Rings on wave-worn reefs its solemn joy.

Then returns the sea's triumphal thunder,
Mellow made in hollow caves,
Praising all the morning's wealth of wonder
When with fire it clothes the waves;
Dawn on dawn above, and deep thereunder
Twilight as of minster naves.
Radiant still it grows
As morning overflows
The purple bars and blinds the stars with light
that slays and saves.

Saves the world from all things dark and evil,
Slays about the world the mists of night.
Free, with pinions plumed by dawn with glory,
Hither comes the wind and wanders wide;
Woodlands seem to glow beneath his passing,
Palms and rushes to respond in tune.
Not alone with song the forests hail him;
Light and shade and cloud have music too.
Sweet are strains of wind-stirred palm or pine-
tree;

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

Sweeter still the strains that no man hears
Save with soul within that bends and hearkens
While the choirs celestial recite
Secrets of the wind and shore and billow,
Secret singing as of flower and leaf,
Sun and shadow, mere and sleeping moonlight,
Star above and mother earth beneath.

Shingly shoals the same refrain have fluted,
Palm trees crooned aloud her praise,
Cliffs and crags through clarions half-muted,
Chanted of her stainless days;
Through the flying spray the sun has luted
Hints and symbols of her ways;
Now, like pipe of oat,
Clean and slight of note,
The spring that slips past rocky lips takes up the
theme and plays:

Wind, oh wind, whose heart unresting
Drives thee on thy glimmering path,
Tidal stream and billow breasting,
Swaying all to thine own wrath,
Here are bowers for thy nesting,
Here some ease thy spirit hath.

15° SOUTH LATITUDE

(Virelai Nouveau)

Blue upon blue the wide world knows,
But whence is the blue that the trade wind
blows?

Blue in old nooks of the garden close,
Bluebell and gentian the garden grows,
Blue in the flag-flower, streaked with white,
Blue where the sky of Italy glows—
Blue upon blue the wide world knows.

The tints are strong. If there grew a rose
By the long sea-sand or the island bright,
Deeper and redder 't would be than those
To the northern sun my garden shows.
Steeped all day in this dazzling light,
Where suns have no clouds and flowers no
foes,
What should it lack of strong and bright?
But whence is the blue that the trade wind
blows?

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

It is here, I think, that some great god stows
The store of blue that overflows
From a May-time morning, viewed aright,
And the blue of petals the west wind sows—
Blue upon blue the wide world knows.

There's a blue on the edge of Alpine snows,
And a blue that the tardy evening stows
Across the starlit road of night
Deeper than gems or flowers disclose.
But whence is the blue that the trade wind
blows?

Another blue in the woodland goes,
Keen and wonderful, swift and slight;
Belike the northern bluebird owes
To a blue like this its glittering flight.
Blue upon blue the wide world knows,
But whence is the blue that the trade wind
blows?

AMONG THE ISLANDS

I know now where you go, you sun,
When in our woods the light is slant,
And rough with ice the rivers run,
And nights are full and days are scant.
The glittering road whereon you go
Set with all tints from bright to dun
Past cloudy islet peaks aglow
And royal stately palms a-row,
I know, you sun, I know.

By day on sapphire falls your tread
Down ways between bright purple bars;
By night your darkly azured bed
Is braided thick with pearls and stars;
And all your dimly lighted rooms,
With argent-studded satin spread,
Are redolent of spicy glooms,
Of sandal, myrrh, and the spent fumes
Of lotus lily blooms.

I know now why you linger long
When boughs show sharp against the blue,

SONGS OF DEMOCRACY

And down the bare woods piping strong
 March routs the leaves and calls for you;
 For then on yellow sands you lie
And hear the thunderous throb and song
 Of surfs on coral reefs piled high,
 And in the still lagoons you eye
 The soft and stainless sky.

I know the sorcery that spells
 You captive when slant shafts of rain
Have overfilled the first bluebells
 And coldly streaked the window pane.
 For then you drift with gleaming sail
Across these long and languorous swells
 To watch the shadows dark or pale
 That down the island mountains trail
 When lingering clouds prevail.

Through whirling snow and windy drift
 If up this way you sometimes march
Your mist-veiled face seems scarce uplift
 Above our southward standing larch.
 Our frosty hymns you will not hear,
Nor make through Christmas storms a rift
 Because all tunes of all the year
 The trade wind in the palm blows clear
 For but your ravished ear.

AMONG THE ISLANDS

And he that wanders on your way
And sails and drifts and dreams with you,
And learns what things the long leaves say,
What lights live in the deepest blue
That heaves upon the ocean's breast—
Drinks mandragora. Day on day
By passions and by dreams possest
Henceforth he knows not any rest
But yearns and burns unblest.

Until once more by curving beaches
He feels the trade wind touch his hair;
Until along the inlet reaches
He breathes the blossom-heavy air.
Sky and wind and cloud and dreaming—
Ah, the lore the free life teaches!
True wonders of the waters gleaming,
And wonders of the strange lights beaming
Beyond the wild world's deeming!

IT WAS FOR THIS

While all these faces stream the street along,
Forth driven by this rebel in my breast,
A drifting dreamer in the saner throng,
These days on days I fare in futile quest,
Betossed between true grief and cynic jest;
For wisdom knows this comes not back to me,
And vain hope smiles and whispers treasonably;
And so, half chilly wise, half foolish fire,
I tread the ways where many faces be,
But never comes the face that I desire.

Two voices strive to lure me as with song.
And one will tell me all this pain is best
Since she and I to alien worlds belong,
Until I say, "Cease, soul, and be at rest,"
Convinced and humbled by the high behest . . .
Lo, now, how swift all wiser counsels flee!
For let that other voice but whisper, "She!"
And forth I go to watch until I tire
The faces that flow by incessantly.
But never comes the face that I desire.

And some are beautiful, and some are strong;
And often, half-dismayed, I turn me lest

IT WAS FOR THIS

Keen eyes perceive me bound by such a thong
And mock the dream wherewith I go obsessed.
Then turn again and think how she was dressed
That day of blue and gold, and think I see
Far off a glimmer of that witchery;
And faring so in tangled ways and dire
At bitter day's end have just this for fee—
“But never comes the face that I desire.”

Mock on, ye wise men—weak as straws are we,
As weak as wind-tossed twigs from any tree,
Mock as I mourn above a burnt-out pyre,
But pray that from this torment ye go free—
“But never comes the face that I desire.”

NOTES

Page 18.—*India: Sonata*. Four years ago the present writer ventured to submit two experiments in this form, and on the kind reception they had he places some share of responsibility for this renewed attempt. The hope is entertained that in each of the movements the successive phases of the musical patterns are sufficiently indicated, but if this be not so the following analysis may be tolerated.

The first movement (chiefly in iambic tetrameter, which seems to be the normal moderately fast foot) begins with a pentameter statement of the principal theme, in four lines. The succeeding development group of twenty-four lines is based on the chief vowel sounds of the principal theme. An episode of six lines leads after a brief introduction to the second theme, "I am not fair," etc. The material of the second theme is worked over in the next twenty-seven lines of development, followed by a second episode and the restatement of the principal theme, further development, a restatement of the second theme and a finale of twenty-four lines.

The second movement in trochaics, the slowest English foot, is similarly constructed, except that blank verse is used in the development groups. Instead of the scherzo in the third movement there is an attempt to utilize the minuet:trio:minuet:trio form exempli-

NOTES

fied by Schumann, and the last movement is the traditional rondeau, the original source of the rondo of music.

No adequate excuse exists for repeating in defense of this form what was said for it four years ago. The happy achievements of Mr. Dole and others, and the wider recognition of the infallible deductions of Sidney Lanier, have doubtless spread conviction of the essential and basic unity of poetry and music, and poetry seems, therefore, entitled to avail itself of any practicable musical form.

Page 58.—*The End of the Concordat*. We should not fail to notice that the present advancing wave of democracy, which has destroyed absolutism in Persia and Turkey and threatens it in India and elsewhere, started where such waves always start. After all, France remains our Lady of Hope.

Page 64.—*Marie Spirodonova*. The services and martyrdom of this splendid woman have been vividly described by Leroy Scott. She was a school-teacher in rural Russia. The governor of her district was one of the most frightful beasts that ever lived, so wantonly and fiendishly cruel that he managed to make himself conspicuous even in the crimson history of Russian cruelty. Miss Spirodonova brooded upon the wrongs of the people until she became convinced that so terrible a monster had no right to live, and since no one else dared to rid earth of him she must herself be his executioner. She shot him dead at the railroad station as he was waiting for a train. Russian tyranny marked her to be an example to all others

NOTES

that might be moved to revolt. She was condemned not to death but to torture. Much that she endured is not to be printed, but of the mentionable punishments inflicted upon her, I may remind you that she was repeatedly beaten and kicked into insensibility, she was lashed with whips, she was paraded naked before groups of jeering creatures that by some verbal extravagance were called men, her guards used to amuse themselves by throwing her on the floor of her cell and crushing her face under their boot-heels, army officers were wont to strip her and with their lighted cigar and cigarette ends burn patterns in her flesh. After months of daily torments such as these, she was immured in one of the worst convict camps in Siberia. All of these things actually happened in the Twentieth Century. Yet I have heard Americans wonder at the violence of the Russian revolutionists, and speak of friendship for the savages that conduct the Russian Government.

Page 70.—*Captains of Industry*. The lines on which this glose is founded are from the too brief poem of Mr. Swinburne's "Songs of Two Nations."

I saw the double-featured 'statue stand
Of Memnon or of Janus, half with night
Veiled, and fast bound with iron; half with light
Crowned, holding all men's future in his hand.

And all the old westward face of time grown grey
Was writ with cursing and inscribed for death:
But on the face that met the morning's breath
Fear died of hope as darkness dies of day.

NOTES

To have seemed to take any liberties with any words of the greatest of prophets in the human cause requires an apology here tendered with unfeigned humility. Also I do most profoundly regret that the experiment in this rare, powerful, and supple form is no worthier, but beyond doubt it will have facile use in abler hands.

Page 75.—*The Dead Leader*. Mr. Thomas, the father of the grand orchestra in America, whose forty years of tireless labor in the sacred cause of music brought delight and spiritual aspiration to millions, and whose personal character was as lofty as his aims, cherished as a chief object of his life the plan to found in America an endowed and permanent orchestra, established for the study and development of orchestral art; and died just as he saw the realization of his dream.

Page 90.—*Via Reggio*. The appreciative and sympathetic Italians have erected, at their own motion, a monument near the spot where Shelley's body came ashore. With the exception of the memorial bestowed upon University College by Lady Anne Shelley, one looks in vain in Shelley's own country for a similar tribute to the "supernal son of song."

Page 109.—*Angaur Island*. You pass it on the star-board side bound up from Friedrichwillhelmshafen to Manila. But among the innumerable and bewildering jewels that are so lavishly scattered over the ocean floor in the earthly paradise of the South Seas, perhaps it is unfair to particularize.

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